

The Historie of

some liking, I shall be out of heart shortly, & then I shall haue no strength to repent. And I haue not forgotten what the inside of a Church is made of, I am a Peppercorne, a Brewers horse, the inside of a Church. Company, villanous company hath been the spoyle of me.

Bar. Sir Iohn, you are so fretfull, you can not liue long.

Fal. Why there is it; come, sing me a bawdy Song, make me merry: I was as vertuously giuen, as a Gentleman need to be, vertuous enough, swore little, dic'd not aboute seven times a weeke, went to a Bawdy house not aboute once in a quarter of an houre, paid money that I borrowed three or foure times, liued well, and in good compasse: and now I liue out of all order, out of compasse.

Bar. Why, you are so fatte, Sir Iohn, that you must needs be out of all compasse: out of all reasonable compasse, Sir Iohn.

Fal. Do thou amend thy face, & Ile amend my life: thou art our Admiall, thou bearest the Lanterne in the Poope, but 't is in the Nose of thee: thou art the Knight of the burning lampe.

Bar. Why, Sir Iohn, my face does you no harme.

Fal. No, Ile be sworne, I make as good vse of it, as many a man doth of a Deaths head, or a *memento mori*. I neuer see thy face, but I thinke vpon hell fire, and *Dimes* that liued in Purple: for there he is in his Robes burning, burning. If thou wert any way giue to vertue, I would sweare by thy face: my oth should be, *By this fire that's Gods Angel*: But thou art altogether giuen ouer; and wert indeed, but for the light in thy face, the Sunne of vtter darknesse. When thou ranst vp *Gads-hill* in the night, to catch my Horse, if I did not thinke that thou hadst been an *ignis fatuus*, or a ball of Wild-fire there's no purchase in Money. O thou art a perpetuall Triumph, an euerlasting Bone-fire-light, thou hast saued me a thousand Markes in Linkes and Torches, walking with thee in the night betwixt Tauerne and Tauerne: But the Sacke that thou hast drunke me, would haue bought me Lights as good cheape, as the dearest Chandlers in Europe. I haue maintained that Salamander of yours, with fire, any time this two and thirtie yeares: God reward me for it.

Bar. Zlound, I would my face were in your belly.

Fal. God amercy, so should I be sure to be heart-burnd.

How

Henry the fourth.

How now, dame Partlet the Hen, haue you enquirede yet who pickt my Pocket? Enter Host.

Host. Why Sir Iohn, what do you thinke, Sir Iohn? do you thinke I keepe theeues in my house? I haue seareht, I haue enquired, so haz my husband, man by man, boy by boy, seruant by seruant: the tigh of a haire was neuer lost in my house before.

Fal. Yelie Hostesse, Bardol was shau'd, and lost many a haire: and Ile be sworne my Pocket was pickt: goe to, you are a woman, goe.

Host. Who I? I defie thee: Gods light, I was neuer cald so in mine owne house before.

Fal. Goe to, I know you well enough.

Host. No, Sir Iohn, you do not know me, Sir Iohn, I know you Sir Iohn, you owe me money Sir Iohn, & now you picke a quarrell to beguile me of it: I bought you a dozen of Shirtes to your backe.

Fal. Doulas, filthy Doulas: I haue giuen them away to Bakers wiues, they haue made Boulters of them.

Host. Now at I am a true Woman, Holland of viij.s. an ell: you owe money heere besides, Sir Iohn, for your diet, and by-drinkings, and money lent you, xxiiij. pound.

Fal. Hee had his part of it; let him pay.

Host. Hee? alas he is poore, he hath nothing.

Fal. How? poore? looke vpon his face: What call you rich? let them coine his Nose, let them coine his cheekes, Ile not pay a denyer: what, will you make a younker of mee? shall I not take mine ease in mine Inne, but I shall haue my pocket pickt? I haue lost a scale Ring of my Grandfathers worth fourty marke.

Host. O Iesu, I haue heard the Prince tell him, I know not how oft, that that Ring was Copper.

Fal. How? the Prince is a lacke, a sneak-cup: Zbloud and he were here, I would cudgel him like a Dog, if he would say so.

Enter the Prince marching, and Falstaffe meetes him playing on his Trunchion like a Fife.

Fal. How now Lad, is the wind in that doore yfaith? Must we all march?

Bar. Yea, two and two; Newgate fashion.

Host. My Lord, I pray you heare mee.